# PLYMOUTH WEEKLY BANNER.

A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Education, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets, General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic News.

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## THE BANNER

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(Up stairs, in the Old Plymouth Hotel,)

BY WM. J. BURNS.

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M. H. PECHER & CO., Dealers in Family Groceries, Provisions, Confectionaries &c. South Plymouth.

BLANK NOTES, Of an approved form, for sale at this office.


### ELLA LEE.

Lay her where the woodbine clingeth
To the dark magnolia tree,
Where the breeze low music bringeth
From the bosom of the sea;
With a sorrowful devotion,
Lay her where sweet violets be;
Where the leaves keep gentle motion
To the breathing of the sea.
There, there, lay her,
There, there, leave her,
Our young Ella,
Our fair Ella,
Our lost Ella,
Ella Lee!

Ever blooming as the summer,
Ever humming like the bee;
We believed her some bright being
From the land where souls are free.
Oh, she was so sweet and holy,
Mortal ne'er could lovelier be,
And she left us bright and slowly,
As the sunset leaves the sea!
Yes, we've lost her,
Ever lost her.
Our fair Ella,
Our young Ella,
Ella Lee!

Lay her where the long grass sweepeth
On the bark of many a tree;
Where the lonely willow weepeth,
Like a mourner by the sea.
She was lovely, she was gentle,
As all gifted spirits be,
Folded in a linen mantle,
Slumbering near the sighing sea!
We have left her,
Sadly left her,
Our fair Ella,
Our young Ella,
Our lost Ella,
Ella Lee!

### Rich Old Uncle and a Billious Fever.

BY OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN,

Linda Ray was scarcely seventeen.—Beautiful of course; all heroines are. But more than this, Linda had a mind and heart of goodness as well as personal beauty.

She was the brightest scholar of Mrs. ——'s seminary, was the joy of her father, the pride of her mother, the go-between and confidant of a quarter of a score of little Rays—her noisy young brood of brothers—and the friend and consoler of all the poor and distressed who came within her knowledge.

Linda was engaged to young Slocum, an embryo lawyer of fashion and some talent, who had only the slender income of his profession to depend upon, but which, added to the modest little fortune of Linda, would enable the young couple to live quite comfortably.

It was now in the fitful month of April. The following June was to witness the bridal of Linda and her lawyer lover, upon which event the happy pair were to start for 'the springs.'

Linda looked magnificently on horseback, and on this April morning, indulged in her favorite exercise, she was sitting like the queen of beauty, glowing with freshness and radiant with joy, upon the back of her matchless bay—the most knowing and graceful piece of horseflesh to be lighted on by a fond and indulgent parent.

Young Slocum was at her side, descanting upon the beauty of the morning and the beauty of the 'morning queen,' when suddenly the latter sped from his sight. Linda's bay had taken fright; and was flying with its mistress through the air, scarce touching the paving stones, at fearful speed.

"She will certainly be thrown and killed!" and Slocum's heart, as he exclaimed this—or the place where the heart should have been—beat with a feeling akin to despair.

When, however, Slocum arrived some three or four miles farther, towards the edge of the city, a scene met his view that called other emotions than those of pleasure at the safety of his beloved.

Linda was seated upon the turf, reclining against the trunk of a tree. A tall, handsome stranger was bending over her, bathing her brow with water.

The look—the strange, mysterious look—that of soul recognizing soul, which passed between them when Linda opened her eyes full upon him, haunted young Slocum like a disagreeable nightmare for months after.

The next day, the tall, handsome stranger called upon the lovely girl, he had rescued from certain death, to enquire after her health. Somehow or other, it was full three hours before the call was concluded. Time had passed so pleasantly in the easy flow of thought and sentiment, where soul met its kindred, that both were surprised at its rapid flight.

Again and again they met, always talking as though they had been friends forever; so unconstrained and easy was the interchange of thought between them.—It generally happened too, by some strang chance, that Slocum was either out on some fishing excursion, or something of the sort, whenever the tall, handsome stranger called on the bride elect.

The middle of May arrived. The wedding day was drawing more and more near. In a maze of bewilderment the young betrothed awoke as if from a sudden dream.

"Do you love him well enough to become his wife?" asked she of her own heart.

Alas! a deeper depth had been sounded in that young heart. A deeper depth than the shallow line of the groom elect could hope to sound.

But the spirit which had taught—her own heart—that heart taught her the meaning of the word *love*—the tall and handsome stranger—he had gone as suddenly as he had come. Business had called him to a distant country and clime.

True, he had never spoken of love, but when he had gone, Linda found, to her dismay, that he had taken her heart with him, and that Slocum seemed to her now nothing more than an automaton man—brainless and heartless.

"But I will be true to my honor and my promise," said the courageous Linda, resolutely. "I will marry him and make him a true wife. I will bury my own heart and its love, and perform my duty faithfully.

Alas! alas! 'there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'

A rich old uncle of the portionless Slocum, suddenly arrived from the "golden east," sought his nephew, made his will, and Slocum, the almost briefless lawyer, was a rich man.

His uncle scouted at the idea of his wedding the fair Linda, with her very moderate fortune, telling him that such a handsome, accomplished and wealthy fellow as he (Slocum) could pick a millionaire heiress off from almost every bush. His kind uncle bade him travel, and choose from any of the wealthy beauties of Europe.

Elated with his sudden fortune; puffed up with personal vanity, Slocum followed his uncle's advice, setting sail with a light heart to cross the ocean for Europe and success.

He dropped a careless note to his beloved, telling her of his determination to travel—and to leave her free.

Somehow or other, Slocum's remittances from his uncle did not arrive as he had reason to expect, and he had not much sooner crossed the Atlantic than he recrossed it.

What was his dismay upon arriving at home, when he found his quondam bride elect had married his rich old uncle! that the 'will' had been re-made, that he (Slocum) was cut off without even a shilling the will being made in favor of Linda and her successors.

This discovery was maddening, but worse than all, the rich old uncle had thrown away his ugly wig, the hump on his back, and his wooden leg, and stood up as Linda's youthful bridegroom—*the tall, handsome stranger!* He who had once restored her from death.

It was a pleasant ruse—to those who enjoy the sport—but it threw poor Slocum into a billious fever, which nearly terminated his life; which also put me in possession of the above little episode, I being the physician who attended him in his sickness.

### Mr. Smith Lounges on the Sofa,

AND MRS. SMITH LECTURES HIM FOR IT.

[There is a touch of practical good sense about the following that will be appreciated by thousands. It is from the Maysville *Tribune*:]

"I declare, Mr. Smith! this is too bad. Here you are stretched out on the sofa, mussing it up, and my nice carpet is all spoiled by the trample of your coarse boots. I shall be ashamed to bring any one into the parlor again—and I have taken so much pains to keep every thing nice! I do think, Mr. Smith, you are the most thoughtless, careless man I ever did see—you don't appear to care how much trouble you give me. If I had no more care than you have we would soon have a nice looking house—it would not be long till our new house and furniture would be just as bad as the old," said John Smith's wife to him, as she saw him in the parlor taking a nap on the sofa.

Mr. Smith rose up slowly and answered, "I was tired and sleepy, Mary, and the weather so hot, and this room so quiet and cool, and the sofa looked so inviting, that I could not resist the temptation to snooze a little. I thought when we were building a new house and furnishing it thus, that we were doing it because the old house and furniture were not as comfortable as desirable, and that I and my own dear Mary, would indulge ourselves in a little quiet leisure in these nice rooms, and if we chose, in lounging on the sofas and rocking in these cushioned arm chairs, away from the noise of the family, and the smell of the cooking stove.

"I did not dream of displeasing you, Mary, and I thought it would give you pleasure to see me enjoying a nap on the sofa this warm afternoon. I notice when Merchant Swell, or Col. Bigman, and their families are here, you appear delighted to have sofas, and cushioned arm chairs for them to sit in or lounge upon. I thought that the house and the sofas were to use—that we have paid a large sum of money for them, but I suppose I was mistaken, and that the house and furniture are for strangers, and that we are to sit in the old kitchen, and if I want to take a nap, or rest a little when I am fatigued, I am to lie down on a slab in the wood-house; and if you want to take a rest, can go to the children's trundle-bed, in the little close bed-room where the flies can have a chance at you."

The irony of Mr. Smith's reply only provoked his wife, and threatened with a repetition of Mrs. Smith's speech, with unpleasant additions and variations, and knowing that she would get tired of gaining victories over her by argument before he would think of getting tired of defeat, he took himself out, and left Mrs. Smith to fix up and dust out, and lock him out of his own house, and take a seat on an old chair in the kitchen, which Mrs. Smith said was good enough to use every day—in the kitchen where no one sees it.

Poor mistaken Mrs. Smith, thought I, yet most women are like her. They want a fine house, and when they get it they want an out house built to live in, and they confine their families to a few small rooms poorly furnished, while the main rooms, well furnished, are never seen by the family only when visitors come!—But house and furniture are to grand for use. The carpet is too fine for their husbands to walk on—the mirrors are too fine for him to look into—the furniture is all too fine for him to see or use.

It is a fatal day to enjoyment when a family gets a house and furniture too fine for use; and yet most women have an ambition to have it so. Better would it be if they were contented with such a house and furniture as is suited to every day use—the house large enough to accommodate ones friends, and the furniture such as all use when at home.

ROSE RAMBLE.

### Queer Effect of the Maine Law.

The appointment of temperance men as town agents for the purchase of liquor under the new law, has been the cause of not a little amusement, for dependent upon their own judgment, they have in some cases purchased the veriest trash possible, at the highest rates. Some temperance men of 'fourteen years standing' have been obliged to taste so often of late, that several ruby noses have appeared in the community, while others it is feared by this reformatory law, will be led back to evil ways. An agent for a Boston establishment was in Vermont a few weeks since, selling supplies of 'the genuine' to those appointed by the towns to purchase. He reached a retired village one day, and having ascertained that Squire Snow was the dignitary who was to procure the supply, he called upon that gentleman, who was at work in his barn, where he received the gentleman from Boston, who carried with him a generous supply of samples in a convenient leather case.

"Yes," said Squire Snow, seating himself on a wheelbarrow, while his friend took a seat on a barrel, 'they wanted me to buy the rum, 'cause you see in old times I used to drink some—I said some—and I s'pose they thought I was a judge—but I ain't, for it's twenty years since I tasted any."

"Yes, we want a little of each kind, and we want the best," replied the Squire.

"Suppose you just taste a little of this old Bourbon whisky; it's very nice," said the seller, opening his sample box.

"Well, I don't know," was the reply, as if in doubt: "but I can't buy without testing the quality, can I?"

The reply was of course confirmatory, and the old oaken bucket, well filled with water, and a couple of tumblers, were soon in requisition, and they pledged their mutual healths in bumpers.

"I declare, that's very nice,' said the Squire, looking at the bottom of his tumbler. "That old Bourbon won't hurt any one. "We must have about twenty gallons of that."

"How's the crops?" asked the seller, while he wrote down the order, to which a long reply was made by the farmer, who wound up by inquiring if he had a sample of old Hollands.

"Here it is."

The Squire took a snuff and exclaimed. "I declare, it smells just as it used to.—Old Hollands is healthy I believe," (he took another snuff) "I used to drink old Hollands before you were born."

He took another snuff, and then he poured out a snifter, and the tumbler was again emptied, with a smack of the Squire's lips, which made Old Dobbin in the corner start up with amazement, and his master exclaimed:

"Twenty gallons of Old Hollands."

The order was registered, when the seller suggested that they might want some Otard, as Squire Edgehill, of Squashtown, had taken a quarter cask of it. "Don't think I know this Otard, said the Squire; 'let,s have him out here, my boy, for Old Bourbon and Old Hollands have made me feel very huckleberry. Do you suppose good liquor ever hurt any one?"

"Not if drunk moderately," was the reply.

"Of course I mean moderately," and the Squire filled up the tumbler with fourth proof brandy and let just water enough run into it, by dipping it into the pail, to frighten it. It went down red alley very quick, and a quarter cask was ordered. A few other orders were given, and the merchant left for an adjoining town. On his return that way in the afternoon, he thought he would call and inquire about one or two minor matters which he had forgotten, and he drove up to Squire Snow's door.

"It tain't no use for you to stop here," shouted a voice from the window, the nasal twang of which denoted its maternal origin—"you can't and shan't see the Squire again. I don't know what you did to him, but after you quit the barn, the Squire acted indecorous enough to satisfy the father of sin."

"Well, my good woman, I am sorry to hear it, but I'll call another time."

"Next time you come you'd better bring a window setter to mend the glass he smashed, and perhaps you'd better sendus a little Russia salve to cure his cuts, for first he began to laugh and then to run round and break things, till he finally fell asleep in the wood shed, and there we mean to let him lay." Thinking it a hard case, and moralizing upon the beneficial effects of a prohibitory law, the seller drove along to his destination.—What a love of a law.

A rich man may wear a torn coat a threadbare vest or a worn hat; it is proper in him if it best suits his fancy; but a man with moderate means must dress well, or he is despised by his fellows.—The former may dress poorly, because he can dress better; the latter must dress well, because he cannot afford it. The man who has more money than he wants can borrow as much as he pleases; the man who has no money and wants it, often experiences difficulty in borrowing a dollar. Poverty travels barefooted over a rugged path; industry is harnessed to a carriage and wealth rides in it.

### You Can Take my Hat.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

We were once coming over the railroad from Washington City to Baltimore when we observed a sort of a man sitting hard by—a tall, slim, good natured fellow, but one who, somehow, seemed to bear the impress that he lived by his wits, written upon his face. A friend who was with me, answered my inquiry as to who he was, and at the same time asked me to keep between the object of my notice and himself, lest he should come over to our seat, as my companion said he knew him, but did not wish to recognize him there.

'That is Beau H.——,' said he, 'a man that is universally known in Washington as one of the most accomplished fellows in the city, always ready to borrow of, or drink with you. He never has any money, and I am curious to know how he will get over the road without paying—for he will surely do it some way.'

'Probably he has got a ticket—borrowed money to pay for it, or something of that sort,' said I.

'Not he. Beau always travels free, and boards in the same way. He never pays money when wit or trick will pass current in its place,' said my friend.

'What a shocking bad hat he has on,' said I, observing the dilapidated condition of his beaver.

'It's some trick of his, doubtless; for the rest of his dress, you will observe, is quite genteel.'

'Yes, I see.'

My friend went on to tell me how Beau had done his tailor out of a receipt in full for his last year's bill, and the landlady at his last boarding place, and various other specimens of his ingenuity.

'He owed me ten dollars,' said my friend 'but in attempting to collect it off him one day, I'll be hanged if he didn't get ten more out of me; so I think I shall let the matter rest there, for fear of doubling the sum once more.'

At this moment the conductor entered the opposite end of the cars to gather the tickets from the passengers, and give them checks in return. Many of them—as is frequently the case with passengers who are often called upon on populous routes to show their tickets—had placed them in the bands of their hats, so that the conductor could see that they were all right, and not take them from their pockets at each stopping place. I watched Beau to see what his expedient would be to get rid of paying his passage. As the conductor drew nearer, Beau thrust his head out of the car window, and seemed absorbed in contemplating the scenery on that side of the road. The conductor spoke to him for his ticket—there was no answer.

'Ticket, sir!' said the conductor, tapping him lightly on the shoulder.

Beau sprang back in the car, knocking his hat off in the road, and leaving it in one minute nearly a mile behind. He looked first at the conductor and then out the window after his hat, and in a seeming fit of rage he exclaimed,

'What the d—l do you strike a man in that way for? Is that your business, is THAT what the company hires you for?

'I beg your pardon, sir; I only wanted your ticket, replied the conductor meekly.

'Ticket! oh, yes, it's very well for you to want my ticket; but I want my hat.'

'Very sorry, sir, really. I merely wished to call your attention, and I took the only means in my power,' said the conductor.

'You had better use a cane to attract a person's attention next, and hit him over the head with it if he happens to be looking the other way,' replied the indignant Beau,

'Well, sir, I will apologise to you again if you wish. I have done so already once said the now disconcerted conductor.

'Yes, no doubt, but that don't restore my property that's gone.'

'Well, sir, I cannot talk any longer—I'll take your ticket if you please.'

'Ticket! Haven't you just knocked it out of the window, hat and all? Do you want to add insult to injury?'

'Oh, the ticket was in the hat-band eh?' suggested the conductor.

'Suppose that you stop the train, and go back and see,' said the hatless one, with indignant scorn depicted on his face.

'Well, sir, I shall pass you free over the road,' replied the conductor, attempting to go on with his duty.

'The price of a ticket, said Beau, is one dollar, and my beaver cost me a V.—Your own good sense will show you that there is a balance of four dollars in my favor at any rate.'

The conductor hesitated. Beau looked like a gentleman to one not perfectly posted up in the human face; he was well dressed, and his indignation appeared most honest.

'I'll see you after I have collected the tickets,' replied the conductor, passing on through the car. Beau sat in silent indignation, frowning at everybody until the officer returned, and came and sat down by his side. Beau then, in earnest undertone, that we could only overhear occasionally, talked to the conductor like a 'Dutch Uncle,' and we saw the crestfallen man of tickets pay the hatless one four dollars.

The trick was st once seen through by both my friend and myself, and the next day, over a bottle of wine at the Monument House, Beau told us he was hard up, hadn't a dollar, picked up an old hat in Gadsoy's hotel in Washington, put his cap in his pocket, and resolved that the hat should carry him to Baltimore; and it did with four dollars into the bargain.

Keep good company or none, and never be idle.

ONE of LONGFELLOW'S finest pictures is the following. How we can mark the coming on of the shadows and shade of twilight! The closing simile is the very perfection of beauty:

Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed,
Round me, o'er me everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red,
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.
Darker, darker and more wan
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall,
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire,
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

SELLING A WIFE.—A gentleman played off a rich joke on his better half the other day. Being something of an epicure, he took it into his head that he should like to have a first rate dinner. So he addressed her a note politely informing her that a gentleman of her acquaintance, an old and true friend, would dine with her that day. As soon as she received it, all hands went to work to get everything in order. Precisely at twelve o'clock she was prepared to receive her guest. The house was as clean as a new pin—a sumptuous dinner was on the table, and she was arrayed in her best attire. A gentle knock was heard, and she started with a palpitating heart to the door. She thought it must be an old friend—perhaps a brother from the place whence they once moved. On opening the door she saw her husband with a smiling countenance.

"Why, my dear," says she, in an anxious tone, "where is the gentleman of whom you spoke in your note?"

"Why," replied her husband very complaisantly, "here he is."

"You said a gentleman of my acquaintance—an old and true friend would dine with us to-day."

"Well," said he, good-humordly, "am I not a gentleman of your acquaintance, an old and true friend?"

"Oh! she cried distressingly, "is there nobody but you?"

"No."

"Well! I declare this is too bad," said his wife in an angry tone.

The husband laughed immoderately—his better half said she felt like giving him a tongue lashing—but finally they sat down cosily together, and for once he had a good dinner without having company.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—"Friend Broadrim," said Zephaniah Straitlace to his master, a rich Quaker, of the city of Brotherly Love, "thou canst not eat of that leg of mutton at thy noon-tide table to-day!"

"Wherefore not?" asked the good Quaker.

"Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, whom the world calleth Lawyer Foxcraft, hath come into thy pantry and stolen it; yea, and he hath eaten it up!"

"Beware, Friend Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor!—Art thou sure it was Friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?"

"Yea, verily, I saw it with my eyes and it was Lawyer Foxcraft's dog, even Pinch-'em!"

"Upon what evil times have we fallen!" sighed the harmless secretary, as he wended his way to his neighbor's office.

"Friend Gripus," said he, "I want to ask thy opinion."

"I am all attention!" replied the scribe, lying down his pen.

"Supposing, Friend Foxcraft, that my dog had gone into thy neighbor's pantry and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, and I saw him, and could call him by name, what ought I to do?"

"Pay for the mutton—nothing can be clearer!"

"Know thou, Friend Foxcraft, thy dog even the beast men denominate Pinch'em hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton of the just value of four shillings and six pence!"

"If it be so, then it is my opinion that I must pay for it!" And having done so, the worthy Friend turned to depart.

"Tarry yet a little, Friend Broadbrim!" cried the lawyer. "Of a verity I have yet farther to say unto thee: thou owest me six and eight pence for advice?"

Then verily I must pay thee; and it is my opinion I have touched pitch and been defiled!"

PASSMORE WILLIAMS, THE SLAVE STEALER.—There is much straightforward stringent truth in what the outspoken editor of the New York Evening Mirror says of the outrage recently committed by this sanctimonious Philadelphia quaker. That editor regards the sneaking abolitionist, who seduces contented and well conditioned servants from their masters, as a more contemptible thief, both in the eye of God and man, than the robber of corpses or churches. He is not unduly severe on the outrageous conduct of this fellow Williams, who, instead of minding his own business, goes nosing about the hotels of Philadelphia to smell out some perfectly happy and contented slaves and induce them by fictions of freedom to elope from their masters. Failing in that, he employs a posse of his burly' colored brethren' to seize and drag them off. And what is this paradise of free niggerdom into which these lying abolitionists delude the poor slave? Look (says the editor, very forcibly,) at the Five Points in New York. That tells the story. In nine cases out of ten the 'free negro' sinks into the most abject poverty, vice and crime. He is incapable of taking care of himself; and when sick, needy and deserted by his abolition betrayers, he can only sigh for the 'old plantation,' still longing for the old folks at home.'

Slavery, continues our cotemporary, is only a curse to those who are capable of appreciating and using without abusing the blessings of liberty. It is no curse to the child to be subjected to parental restraint; it is no evil to the ignorant African to be subjected to a humane master's care. If these abolitionists were honest in their efforts to relieve colored human misery, they might turn their philanthropic noses towards the Five Points, instead of robbing gentlemen of their servants; and what is still worse, robbing servants of their masters.

UNFOTUNATE, VERY.—The Troy Budget relates the following rather singular circumstance, which happened recently in that city:

"Two persons—male and female, of course—were engaged to be married; the month in which the ceremony was to take place was appointed, but not the particular day. Well, the month approached, and the female, desirous of ascertaining the exact day, requested her intended to name it, so as to give her time to prepare habiliments suitable to the occasion. He, however, put her off with indefinite answers; but she continuing to broach the subject to his 'unwilling ears,' he finally told her that he was short of funds—hadn't the necessary 'needful.'

"Here was a sticker—something the would-be bride had not even thought of. To remedy the matter as far as possible, however, he made the following proposition to her: He, being in receipt of a good salary, should save the greater portion of it, and give the money to her to keep, that they should postpone the time one month, when they would be united. To this she assented, and 'our hero' forthwith commenced to carry out his laudable intention. Every week he gave her more than half his salary, and, as a consequence, in a short time she had quite a sum of money in her possession belonging to him.

"Meantime, another came and—*won her*. The sequel of it is, the female and her new-found lover were married, and ran away with the earnings of the cast-off suitor, who was fleeced out of nearly $50! He will do nothing in the matter, considering that he has made a fortunate escape from a marriage connection which he might have had cause to repent,"

MYSTERIOUS DEATH.—Mr. John Westbrook, an old resident of the town of Brockway, in this county, met with a most singular death on Saturday last.—The facts as we learn them are, that on Saturday morning, Mr. W. rose early, apparently in good health. His son got up the team and was about to start for Port Huron, when Mr. W. told him not to go—that he was going to die that day, and wished him to remain at home. The young man thought this strange; but the father at last succeeded in persuading him to abandon his journey, and ordered him to get out the old white horse, that he might take a farewell survey of the farm before departing from this world of care. The son complied with his wish, little thinking that anything serious was about to transpire, which, in a few short hours, would separate them forever. After they had rode around the farm for sometime, and he had pointed out to his son the spot where he wished to be interred, they returned to the house, and in ten minutes he was a corpse. He leaves a bereaved family and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss.

*Port Huron Observer.*

OREGON NOT TO BE A STATE.—By papers received by the last arrival of the Pacific we learn that the report brought by the last preceding steamer, (California) that a majority of the people of Oregon had voted in favor of a convention to form a State Government was incorrect. Such was supposed to be the case at first, but the very large vote against it in Jackson; the most Southern county in the Territory bordering on California—effectually defeated it for the present. The people of Jackson have twice defeated the proposed State organization, from a lingering hope that a new Territory may one day be made up of the southern counties of Oregon, and the northern counties of California.

ATTEMPTED MURDER.—On Thursday last, an old man named Birge, living at Watertown, made an attempt to murder his wife by cutting her throat with a dull butcher-knife. Throwing her down on the floor, he inflicted several severe wounds on her neck, and would have accomplished his terrible purpose had he not been prevented by his grandson, a lad of twelve years of age, who ran into an adjoining room, and got a revelver from the drawer in which it was kept, returned, and fired twice upon his grandfather—the last time, it is supposed, inflicting a mortal wound. At the second fire, the barrel of the pistol blew off the cylinder on which it revolved, or it is likely that the ruffian would have been killed on the spot. Birge was arrested, and put in prison. The woman, it is thought, may recover.—*Chicago Tribune.*

'Never be critical to the ladies' was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex; 'the only way a gentleman will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is—to shut his eyes.

In London there are fifty King streets, fifty Queen streets and sixty John streets.